

FROM THE

O L D - B A Y L Y ,  
Mr. Car's Recantation.

O R,

*The True Protestant Renegade, the Courantier turn'd Tory; in a Dialogue 'twixt Trueman, and Amsterdammer.**Tempora Mutantur &c.**Amst.* SO, that 'is very true?*True.* Yes, certainly true, *Harry* has drap't his *Whiggish* Teeth and claws, cast his Skin, and has been new melted, and run into *Tory* Mould.*Amst.* A brave true Protestant spark with all my Heart.*True.* Nay he has quite cashier'd all the Rabbi's of the Faction, Damns his Patrons, Raves like a Mad-man, and disclaims outrageously against the late Horrid contrivance against the KING and DUKE, curses all the Dissenters for their blundering Treasons; I tell thee that he is a rank, overgrown *Tory*.*Amst.* Alack and alas aday, what! Our historical Courantier begin to be *Toryfied*? *Speramus meliora*. Sure the *Devill's* in the Folk by way of recantation. Pox on'm, must a little Persecution, alter good solid Republican principles? A little Hanging Drawing, and Quartering, and unmerciful butcherly chopping off of Heads terrifie our gigantic Scribler, our *Fryday Atlas* of Fanaticism? If it do, farewell our tawring expectations. But hang't, I can't beleive thee upon my Soul, *Trueman*.*True.* Confound your incredulity! What reason have you to distrust the reality of his conversion? Is *Harry Cave* such a sullen, obstinate piece of *Whiggism*, such a sturdy Polish Oak, to break rather then bow? Don't be mistaken. Self preservation is a principle founded in us by nature, and if a man does not follow those dictates, he may be *Felo de se*, and then he may be deny'd the benefit of his *Clergy*. No no, *Harry's* a better Politician, than so. Upon the word of an honest Gentleman, *Harry's* turn'd a violent Anti-Republican, and rails desperately against this late Fanatical Conspiracy.*Amst.* Well! don't be angry if I speak a blunt word, and pronounce it a damn'd lye. What *Harry* rail at *PLOTS*? It can't be. If any man or woman, of what Size, Age or complexion, speaks more favourably of this matter, puts kinder interpretations on it, and more slyly invalidates its Authority than himself, when you'll probably convince me of somewhat.*True.* Why, hark ye Mr. These are but, your own sentiments. Pray does he not cry? *Fiat justitia*, wipes his hands in Innocency, thanks God that he is neither Plotter, nor Traytor, and blesses the Almighty for the happy deliverance from both those dreadful characters.*Amst.* Yes! he thanks God that he is free himself ( and I wish it may prove so ) Why, there's not one passionate resentment, or reall abhorrence of the thing, not one Thanksgiving word for his Majesties escape from that impendent Mischief, that threatn'd him. No, no; he's as silent as Mouse in a loaf upon that *topique*.*True.* Prithee, don't think he'll leap over Hedges, and Diethes and run upon extravagancy's he'll do all things mildly.*Amst.* He has been a mild fellow indeed, why if he be such a zealous *pimping* Proselyte, as you talk, he'd certainly use his talent of raillery another way, and damn all his former proceedings.*True.* That would be a piece of imprudence yet.*Amst.* I, and a piece of Ingratitude into the bargain, the little sneaking Chitterling has been well pay'd for his weekly endeavours in the *Cause*, and he's a cowardly, indigent fellow if he forsakes it.*True.* No the *Cause* forsakes him, his Patron at *Aldersgate* and his *Bloomsbury* Benefactor

factor are gone; and all the rest of the Worthy Patriots are like to swing, or be chopt off, and then what shall this Solicitor General, this Whiffler of a Courantier do to support his Rat-like Carkas?

*Amst.* He may like Judas een' go and hang himself, for if he draws back, our Souls shall take no delight in him. The Puppy Monkey Face may do well enough yet had he his antient vigour, and resolution; wou'd he make use of down right blunt abuses (under the notions of Railery) and consult *Billingsgate*; *Harry's Pen*, and the womens Oyfter spuds might prove two dangerous weapons yet.

*True.* So, I see what you'd be at; you'd have him run the risque of the Gallows, write a no Protestant Plor, a 3d part of the Growth of Popery; you'd have him (I warrant ye) cast the odium of it on the *Crape-Gownorum* men (as his arch wit call's them) and fix the scandal on the Church.

*Amst.* Why, to speak freely to you, A little true Protestant Syrrup (just upon the nick of my Lord Russell's Speech) will support the Spirits of the languishing party. There be thousands that won't believe it; Ah! my Lord's Speech make's them groan louder then the Groaning-board it self. This dreadful apprehension of Popery encourag'd, wou'd do mighty things yet; the people are not so dejected as some imagine, the party is Numerous, and powerful.

*True.* Very likely, but *Harry* has eyes in's Head, and discovers the visible hand of Providence in defeating their accursed projects. Notwithstanding his former miscarriages, he's resolv'd to hearken to conscience at last, and (with Mr. *Settle*) think it no disparagement to be honest after all.

*Amst.* Good God! from whence shou'd this squeamishness proceed? *Harry* a fellow (whom all the World thought an Atheist, and some thing worse if possible) boggle now at Conscience? Why, how often has he boldly check'd the *King* and his Counsel? How often has he magnify'd the Ignoramus men, and call'd the men at the Loyal Feast, Dukes and Earls, &c. A parcel of beggarly fellows, whose Teeth water'd at a piece of Venison? How often has he call'd the Orthodox Clergy Papists masqueraders? How often has he pleaded the Cause of the Conventiclers? In short, what was it, that *Harry's* uncontrollable Pen

dar'd not to undertake, and now talk of Conscience? O *Tempora*!

*True.* Here's a recapitulation of all *Harry's* excellency's with a vengeance. Why, what's this to the purpose? Is't a moral impossibility do you think, for a thumping knave to be honest at long run? there's another conversion, I must tell yee, than that of the Gallows. *Harry's* honesty proceeds from his own choice, not out of a principel of fear.

*Amst.* Hang him, out of choice; that's a sham I'me confidem. He's a timorous fellow, and shrinks in his Horns, like a Snayl, when any danger approaches. Why can't he stand stiff and firmin all his former purposes, and resolutions? I thought the fellow had had courage enough to dye a Martyr for the Holy Cause once, but I see now he hates both *Whig*, and *Trimmer*; he's afraid, in my Conscience of Justice Observer.

*True.* Well, you may discourage his generous Proceedings as you please: But tis resolv'd, and *Harry* will be faithful in spite of detraction and a little obloquy and reproach. *Harry* won't swing upon a principle of generosity, and dye with a lye in his Mouth to support the Faction; he's an Enemy to all Absolutions, denys any power from a Confessor either from *Scotland* or *St. Omers*. No he'll magnifie God with a plain confession of his Offences, and save his Neck and reputation into the bargain.

*Amst.* Lord! what will be the consequence of all this? What shall we do if our friends (that have industriously drudg'd for us, now in those critical times of Tryal and Persecution) leave us and forsake us?

*True.* Now to heighten your admiration, a friend of mine had it from *Harry's* own mouth that he'll infallibly put out his Narrative very suddenly, and expose all the intricate windings of this most elaborate and diabolical Plor, and what mysterious methods they look to carry on the design, tho't will prove a very amazing business to yee, yet be not too violent upon the man. And to oblige the World I'me told, he'll write now his Pacquet of Advice from *Geneva*, not from *Rome*, and his Courant shall (instead of Popish principles) be stufft with variety of sentences out of the Dissenters Sayings.

*Amst.* I'll tell yee next week, how our party resents this so unexpected alteration; and so farwell.